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SUPER HEROES FROM THE MIND OF

NIVE BARKER

SAINT SINNER

THE FACE OF EVIL

TRISTAN
93

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DIRECT EDITION



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PHILIP FETTER TRAVELS THE DEAD END STREETS, LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO HANG HIS SOUL.

PHILIP FETTER'S BODY DOESN'T KNOW.

IT DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HIT IT.

KEPT ALIVE BY THE TWO IN THE DARK, EVEN NOW, INHABITING THE BODY ENIGMAS, LINGERING ABOUT THE CITY.

GIVE UP THE GHOST, ANGEL! THE GHOSTS NOT COMING BACK. HE'LL BE DEAD BY MORNING. AND I'LL BE FREE! FREE! FREE!

WELL, LONG, DEMON! THE STREET SEEMS TO BE YOUR PRISON AND YOUR JAILOR!

NEW YORK... YEAH... I'VE BEEN HERE SINCE I LEFT HIS ELDER TO THE GHOSTS.

GOTTA FIND MY BODY AND GET IT BACK TO THE GREAT ESCAPE BEFORE IT'S ON ME! WAS A REASON...

THE VERTIGO... HE HARDLY REMEMBERS IT. THE ALLEN CHAMBER... SAINT SINNER AND HIS FATHER'S... I AM... IS THIS WHAT BEING FORGETTING... ONLY IT IS YOU KNOW?

HE'LL ASK THE GIRL... THE LITTLE MA... GIRL WHO SPOKE HIM HERE ON THE DEAD END STREET... SHE'LL KNOW SHE KNOWS EVERYTHING... EVERYONE'S DEAD.

NO ONE PAYS ATTENTION TO THE WAY SHE'S... MIMING NONSENSE TO ME... I DO WHAT THEY ALWAYS DO... LOOK AWAY. CROSS THE STREET... LET HIM DIE.

HIS DEATH WILL MEAN THE BIRTH OF ME.

CLIVE BARKER PRESENTS...

SAINT SINNER

The Child Stealer!

A Tale of the Barbours!

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POSSESSED BY TWO ENTITIES FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION, THE BOY PHILIP FETTER MUST NOW EXIST IN THAT SMALL SPACE BETWEEN THEM, AS A MAN TRAPPED BETWEEN LIGHT AND DARK; GOOD AND EVIL. HE'S GAINED INCREDIBLE POWER, AT THE COST OF HIS YOUTH, HIS LIFE, AND HIS VERY SANITY.

Chapter 1: THE FACE OF EVIL

Clive Barker, creator
 Larry Brown, pencils
 J. L. Paes, colors
 Marc McLaurin, editor
 Malcolm Smith, consulting editor
 Carl Potts, executive editor
 Tom DeFalco, editor in chief

Even is the ghost
 Retain. He will be too
 late! Let's wait, angel...
 fresh. Follow the star
 to the river, where you
 found death, I'll
 find freedom!

Elaine Lee, writer
 Rick Bryant, inks
 Janice Chiang, lettering



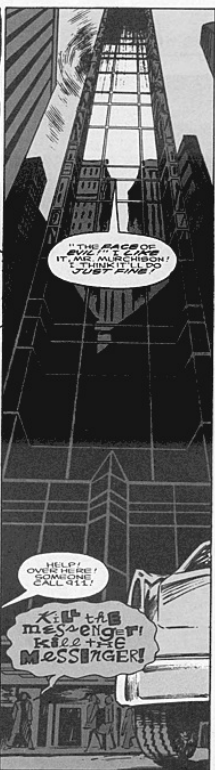
DON'T LOOK AT HIM, HONEY



HEY, MISTER? YOU WANT HALF OF THIS SANDWICH? LOOKS LIKE YOU NEED IT WORSE THAN ME!

Yes oh yes oh yes oh...

nice boy... EVER HEAR THE EXPRESSION...





SOME FOLKS'LL
TRY AN' TELL YA
THERE ISN'T A CLEAR
LINE BETWEEN GOOD
AND EVIL. MR. MURCHISON,
BUT DON'T YOU
BELIEVE IT!

I WANT
THE SOULS
OF YOUR
CHILDREN!

...BLAKE
MURCHISON-SMITH,
AND I AGREED WITH
YOU THE FIRST
TWENTY-SEVEN TIMES
YOU EXPRESSED
THAT OPINION,
REVEREND...

...THAT'S
MURCHISON-SMITH,
REVEREND
FLOATER...

THE FACE
OF
EVIL

...WHICH IS WHY I WAS SO ANXIOUS TO HANDLE THIS ACCOUNT MYSELF...

... AND WHY I USED IT AS THE CENTRAL IMAGE IN OUR AD CAMPAIGN.

WELL YOU DON'T HAVE TO SELL ME, MR. MURCHISON... UH... SMITH! I WAS SOLD BEFORE WE STARTED!

MANY OF OUR KIDS TURN TO MUSIC AND TV AND COMICS FOR ANSWERS. WHAT KIND OF ANSWERS DO YOU THINK THEY FIND THERE? IS THIS THE FACE OF GOODNESS?

DAVID? HAVE YOU SENT MY REEL OUT TO JOHN DOORE?

YES, SIR. ANDREWS WENT OUT WITH IT THIS MORNING.

GOOD.

GOOD JOB, SIR! WE EXPECT A TREMENDOUS RESPONSE TO THE FIRST INFOMERCIAL TONIGHT! WORTH THE MONEY, SIR! WELL WORTH THE MONEY!

MURCHISON

CREATIVE DIRECTOR

JOHN DOORE, PARAGON TOWN...

...OWNER AND RULER OF
A VAST MEDIA EMPIRE.

IT'S TIME WE
CLOCKED IN WITH THIS
BARAGON JOHN...

FOR HELL HELP US
TO OPEN THE MIND
OF THIS WORLD...

...BREAK AND
CRACK ITS
FERTILE LOAM...

AND PLANT
THE SEEDS OF
HELLFIRE SMITH, SO
THAT AKAFAI BLOSSOMS
IN ITS LAZY SOUL...

...AND THEN
WE'LL ~~USE~~
THE RUNESMITH,
OUR BROTHER, OR
MY NAME ISN'T
BLAKE
MURCHISON-
SMITH?

LOOK--
THE PORTAL
OPENS!

CLOCKSMITH,
UNLOCKINGSMITH,
BLADESMITH,
SOULSMITH.

JOHN DOORE DOESN'T
KNOW HE'S ABOUT TO
HIRE A NEW EXECUTIVE.
AN AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN
WHO JUST HAD TO
BE POSSESSED BY FOUR
OF THE DEMON SMITHS!

MURCHISON-SMITH,
MOST TO FOUR OF
YOUR KIND WELCOME
MY TWO BROTHERS FROM
THE AMEN. ~~BLUESMITH~~,
WHO USES TRUTH TO
WOUND AND ~~HATE~~ SMITH,
WITH THE POWER
TO NEGATE!

IF HE KNEW, HE WOULDN'T
BELIEVE IT.

NO, FELLOW
SMITHS! IT IS OUR
MUTE BROTHER WHITE SMITH
AND I WHO WELCOME
YOU TO THE ~~AREA~~.
IN TRUTH THERE'S TOO
MUCH ~~WACK~~ FOR US
ON EARTH!

WE DON'T
WANT TO GO
BACK! WE WANT
IT HERE! WHY?
WHY? WHY?

WHY, INDEED... AS THOUGH ANY ACT OF THE DEMONS WERE SUBJECT TO REASON!

THIS IS FACT... THE ANGEL CALLED REGINA WANTS THE SEVEN OF US INSIDE BETTER ONCE DEAD... SHE WOULD KEEP US LOCKED IN TRIAD UNDERMINING ANY KNOWLEDGE WE HAVE OF THE FUTURE... LET US... WOULD NOT AGE OR DIE THERE!

THEN, JOIN US IN FINE'S HOST! MURCHISON IS A FINE FIT AND A LIKE CREATURE... OUR WORK/MURCHISON-SMITH IS A MATCH FOR SAINT SINNER!

TOO DANGEROUS, IN TRUTH/FALL SIX OF US FEAR DEATH BUT OUR BROTHER RUMESMITH'S POWER TO DESTROY FOR THE ANGEL TO FEAR/FALL SIX OF US ARE NOT A MATCH FOR HIM/NEED US TWO IN THE RAVEN AND YOU ON EARTH.

IT WAS NOT REASON THAT LED THE POWERFUL RUMESMITH TO ENTER AND CLIMB OVER BETTER'S WALL... HE WAS LOST FOR HUMAN POWER... THE POWER TO INFLECT PAIN AND TO FEEL THE VICTIMS SUFFERING.

BETTER FOR AOW, PERHAPS, BUT NOT FOR LONG!

RUMESMITH'S NEED BACKFIRED, TRAPPING HIM IN HIS VICTIM... ALONG WITH THE ANGEL WHO SOUGHT HIM!

OUR BROTHER, THE RUMESMITH, HAS THE STRONGEST OF OUR GIVEN SOULS!

IN FINE, HE'LL BE STRONGER FOR WE'RE FEEDING HIM HIS AMANITY!

HE'LL AWE THE ANGEL, SHEAR FREE OF THIS FETTER, AND FLY TO US!

ACCOMPLISH THIS AND WE ARE YOURS AS WELL, BUT HOW WILL IT BURY THE TRUTH OF IT BROTHERS!

WE'VE VISITED PAIN ON A THOUSAND WORLDS AND ENDED A MILLION LIVES, BUT ONLY ON EARTH HAVE WE FOUND THE ULTIMATE WEAPON... THE ONE TRUE WAY OF KEEPING THIS EARTH IN THRALL...

...TELEVISION!

PHILIP FETTER STOPS DEAD AT THE END OF THE DEAD END STREET. IT IS ONE OF MANY ENDS, BUT THE ONLY ONE POSSIBLE FOR HIM. HE FEARS IT.

WHERE
WHERE
ARE WE?

♪ EAST SIDE, ♪
♪ WEST SIDE, ALL ♪
♪ AROUND THE TOWN! ♪
♪ NEW YORK, SILLY! ♪
♪ I WAS DEAD HERE FOR ♪
♪ A LONG TIME TILL I ♪
♪ FOUND THE DEAD ♪
♪ END STREET. ♪

THAT'S IT! NEW YORK! THERE
THROUGH THE DEAD CHILD'S
FACE! BUT IT'S NOT
THE BIG APPLE, EARTH NORMAL,
PHILIP FEELS IT'S
THE NEW YORK ECTOSPHERE...

...A BIT OF THE DIMENSION
THAT IS SHARED BY THE MEN-
ORIES AND THE UNFULFILLED
DESIRES OF THE DEAD.

DREAMS, BY THEIR NATURE,
STAY IN THE ECTOSPHERE,
IN LIFE, BUT MANY ARE
CRASHERS DRIVEN INTO
THE GRAVE... ESPECIALLY
IN NEW YORK.

THOSE DREAMS, UNFINISHED
AND UNPAID, LIE HERE...
IN THE ECTOSPHERE!

UH-OH!
SOMETHING'S
WRONG! THINGS
LOOK...
FUNNY!

HEY, KID!
IS THAT
FUNNY MANIA
OR KIDNAP
REGULAR?

EVEN GANGSTERS DREAM. THIS
ONE'S BEEN OUT FIFTY-AND YEARS
AND JUST WON'T LIE DOWN.

TRY THIS
ON FOR SIZE!
THINGS HAVE
BEEN A LITTLE NUTS
HERE, KID! TOO MUCH
REALITY BREAKIN'
THROUGH! IF YA WANT
MY TWO CENTS, WE'LL
BEEN STRETCHED
A LITTLE TINY
AS OF LATE!

BUT WHY?
SOMETHING'S
STRETCHIN'
THE ECTOSPHERE!
WHAT IS IT?

MY LIPS
ARE
SEALED.

C'MON...
I FEEL
THE PULP
OF MY FLESH! I'LL
NEED YOUR
HELP!

BUT PHILIP HAS NO TIME TO
CHAT WITH A GANGSTER'S GHOST
OR WORRY ABOUT THE CONDITION
OF THE ECTOSPHERE. HE MUST
FIND HIS DYING BODY.

AND GET IT BACK TO
THE VESTIBULE BEFORE
THE DEMON LEAVES IT.



GOD! GOD! GOD! GOD!
RUNE SMITH AND
REGINA! THEY'VE
ESCAPED! I MUST
BE DEAD!

YOU'RE NOT
DEAD, SILLY! YOU
JUST CAN'T SEE
YOUR SAVVY FROM
OVER HERE!

FROM THE ECTOSPHERE, THE SOUL
CAN'T SEE THE HUMAN FLESH
THAT MISTED ITSELF IN MON
AND ANGEL. THAT POSSES
PHILIP'S BODY ARE MADE
OF ECTOPLASM. BUT MORE
AKIN TO ECTOCLASM.

LOOK, BOY!
THROUGH MY WOOF,
YOU CAN SEE IT! THERE'S
YOUR SKIN, YOUR FACE,
YOUR ARMS! BUT SEE,
TWO GUYS! BUT SEE,
IT DON'T LOOK
SO GOOD!



THE SAVVY'S GONE,
ANGEL, AND THIS
CORPSE GAZES
WAIL A FORTH
HERE HE STOP
AND ADRONE
DIE AND WE
I'LL FIND MY
FREEDOM!

PHILIP FETTER WILL HAVE
TO MOVE FAST, IT'S
NOT EASY TO DO WHAT HE
NOW MUST DO.

HURTS,
THIS... HURTS!
BUT... MUST
CONTINUE...



FROM A STREET IN MANHATTAN,
A MAN GLANCES TOWARD
AN ALLEY... SEES A DARKENED HALL
TO THE PAVEMENT... SEES A
GHOST, AND THINKS...

...BEEN
WORKING
TOO HARD!

DETERMINED TO FINISH
HIS OWN DOLBY DREAM,
PHILIP WILLS HIMSELF
INTO THE WORLD.

HARD WORK, TOO,
TO CROSS LIES
THRESHOLD...



...LEAVING DEATH AND YOUTH BEHIND HIM!

BUT PHILIP DOES.
HE LOOKS WITH
PHANTOM EYES
INTO THE FACE
OF EVIL.



SOON FREE
TO KILL
AND KILL
AND KILL!

I REMEMBER
YOU, DEMON... HOW
YOU ENTERED ME AS A
DEAFENING NOISE...
RAGED MY MIND...
MADE ME KILL!

AND YOU,
ANGEL! MOST MIXED
OF BLESSINGS! YOU
CAME AS A GIFT,
BLINDING ME, BOTH
SAVING ME FROM
FROM THE NOISE, AND
TRAPPING HIM
WITHIN ME!

HERE, AT THE END OF
HIS RACE TO CLAIM
HIS LIVING CORPSE,
HE WAITS...

I feel him,
demon!
The sinner
return!

No! NO! NO! NO!
NOOOOOO! HE
CAN'T! HE WON'T! NOT
EVEN A SAINT WOULD
CHOOSE THIS!

IS THIS
MY DESTINY? TO
MARTYR MYSELF
ON THE CROSS OF
MY OWN FLESH? TO
BE PULLED FOREVER
BETWEEN OPPOSING
FORCES?

BEFORE HE CAN THINK THE QUESTION,
THE ANSWER PRAYS AND HEARS IT.
YES! HE WILL ACCEPT THE ENTITIES...
THEIR FORCE AND FRIGHTENING POWER
FOCUS HAS LOOKED BEYOND THE WRECKAGE
OF HIS FLESH TO SEE THE TRUTH...

...THAT BEHIND THE MASK
OF EVIL, SMILES A FACE OF
ACHING REALITY!

THOUGH I'VE SEEN TIME
TURNED INSIDE-OUT SO
THAT NINE YEARS MIGHT
PASS IN THE SPACE OF A
WEEK... LIFE STANDS
STILL FOR NO MAN!

BY SHEER FORCE
OF WILL I STUMBLE
TOWARD THE STREET...
RIGHT INTO LIFE WITH
ALL ITS PROBLEMS!

A CHASE! A DRUG
DEAL. GONE SOUR.
TURNING VIOLENT AS
TWO PATROLMEN,
THINKING ONLY
OF LUNCH,
HAPPEN BY.

GET
DOWN!

Ignore
the effect,
Slender! Find
the cause!
The chase will
end as it ends!

STOP, OR
I'LL
SHOOT!



yes! Let them run free...
To kill and use drugs!
More death for
me, got me more death
and indifference!

SHUT
UP! BOTH
OF YOU!

NO
MAN/
NO!

CAGNEY...
RAFT...

NOW SHOWING

DIRTY
COPPERS!

THE BOY WITH THE GUN
IS YOUNG, TOO YOUNG
TO DIE, TOO STUPID NOT TO.
BEFORE MY EYES, HE BEGINS
TO TRANSFORM. HIS CLOTHING,
HIS SHOES, HIS SKIN!

HIS PARTNER, AHEAD OF
HIM, HAS COMPLETED
THE CHANGE... THE SECOND
GANGSTER I'VE SEEN TODAY.
THE FIRST WAS DEAD.

COULD WHATEVER-IT-WAS
THAT CAUSED THE STRANGE
STRETCHING IN
THE ACTORS HERE BE
CAUSING THIS EFFECT, TOO?

I FEEL MY BODY EATING
ITSELF AND THE RAW HUNGER
BRINGS ME BACK TO MY SENSES.
THE EARTH AND ITS PROBLEMS
MUST WAIT.

GOT TO GET BACK... FIND A GATE
TO THE VERTEBQUE!

EVEN AS I TURN TO LEAVE, TO BEGIN MY SEARCH FOR THE GATE... THE BOY DEALER... A LIVING SYMPTOM OF OUR TIMES... BECOMES A RUM RUNNER!



WHAT IS THIS SORT OF FINE CAR... THROWING PEOPLE AND EVENTS INTO A PAST TIME?

THE BLACK POLICEMAN! TURNING WHITE... IRISH! BUT CAN'T DRIVE... NOW, HOME! MUST GET HOME!

HARRIS!



HELP ME! OH, GOD... HELP ME, SAINT SINNER!

BUT, THAT'S WHEN THE PRAYER COMES.

GOTCHA, PUNK...

...YA NO GOOD BOOFLEGGER!



Help me, Saint Sinner! My child, my daughter is shot!

GRIPPING MY PSYCHE, SINKING ITS TEETH INTO THE SOFT, DARK MIND'S CORE! THE PRAYER IS THE ANSWER! ALL ROUTES OF ESCAPE CUT OFF!

OFFICERS MURPHY! ASSIST WITH THIS MISCREANT!



THE PRAYER BRAGS ME, KICKING TOWARD ITS PARENT, THE DRIVER OF A CAR, THIS SUPPLIcant, WHO BEGS THE ANSWER TO A PRAYER... MAY BE MY EXECUTIONER!

HELP ME, PLEASE!



I HAVE
NO CHOICE,
ANGEL...

WELL I'LL
BE A MONKEY'S
UNCLE! LOOK WHO
WE GOT HERE!
IT'S EVEN
THE BEL!

Don't
fight
it, sister!
Follow
the prayer!

... MUST LEAVE
THE TRANSFORMED
COGS
TO THEIR WORK...
FOLLOW THE PRAYER...
TOO WEAK TO
FIGHT, NO STRENGTH
LEFT! NONE...
NEED HOME!



ANOTHER VOICE...
ANOTHER CALL FOR
HELP! THE WOMAN
CRIES FROM THE BACK
OF THE CAB, JOINING
HER VOICE TO THAT OF
THE DRIVER.

HELP,
PLEASE!
SOMEONE!
SHE'S BEEN
SHOT!

HERE IS A VOICE THAT HAS
KNOWN MUCH PAIN. BEHOLD, HERE IS
THE SOURCE OF THAT PAIN... AN
AILING CHILD... HER SON!



HELP,
OH, HELP
ME!

BUT THE BOY IS NOT
THE SUBJECT OF THE PRAYER...

... IT IS THE BABY, A TINY GIRL,
CAUGHT IN THE CARCASS
OF A DEAD ONE BAR.



HER FATHER PRAYS TO
THE PLASTIC IMAGE OF
A LITTLE-KNOWN SAINT!

MY BABY,
MY BABY'S BEEN
SHOT! WHY...?

WAAAAHHHHHHH!

THE SAINT IS THE PATRON OF
THE ABANDONED... THE DISPOSSESSED!
KNOWN TO THE LAW IS METABOLIC
OF LOST SOULS... THE MAN
WHO WALKS BETWEEN
THE SAINT SINNER... ME!





I CAN SEE INTO HIS
HEART, SINNER!
THE MATTER OF
DEATH.

AND THOSE WHO
WOULD BRING LIGHT,
WILL BRING
WITH DARKNESS.

BE WISEFUL, HELP
HIM FIND OUT!

ISN'T MY OWN
PAIN ENOUGH FOR
YOU, DEMON?

LOOK,
MOM! THAT
MAN! HE'S
TALKING TO
A DEVIL!

IT'S YOU, SAINT OF
MY PRAYERS! AM I DEAD,
TOO? THEY SHOT MY FAMILY
WITH THEIR GUNS... AND THEN
MY CHILD VANISHES!
HELP ME!

The boy can
see, Sinner!
The Reality
has a crack in it
and other worlds
are oozing
through!

To help these
people you
must take
them with you!
Now take
the camera.
Sinner!

That's it,
Sinner!
Use the
camera!

SKREE!
SKREE!
REE!
SKR
KRE!

Use the camera
to make a gate!
There it is!
Point it
toward the screen!
There in
the window!

LIFT THE CAMERA
FROM ITS MOUNTING.
THE ALARM SOUNDS.

SKREE! SKREE! SKREE!

Your
friends
await
you, Sinner!
Go to
them!

MY FRIENDS!
MY NAME! THERE TO
REST... TO HEAL!

THE
GATE!

SKREE! SKREE! SKREE!

WHERE CAMERA'S EYE AND MONITOR
ARE... TO REEL BACK... ONE INTO
THE OTHER... THERE IS THE GATE!
TO THE VERTIGO AND THE END
OF MY JOURNEY...

...HOMER!"

HE'S BUILDING
A SAFE, TRYING
TO PASS THROUGH
TO US. HE LOOKS
LIKE HE'S GONNA
REACH THROUGH,
ACROBAT, AND HELP
HIM TO US.

I CAN'T
NEED NASH.
SOMETHING
PREVENTS
ME SOMETHING
OCCURS.
THE GUARDS
BREATH BETWEEN
OUR SEE OF
THE GATE
AND HIS!

HOOMIN!
DERE ADOOLIN!
BULLES
SAY SIN!

Skreeeee! Skreeeee! Skreeeee! Skr

I SEE MY FRIENDS BEFORE ME...
JUST A HEARTBEAT... AN ETERNITY AWAY.
I WOULD LEAP... WOULD RUSH TO THEM NOW,
BUT THE SCREAMING ALARM PULLS
ME BACK TO THE STREET...



OKAY,
BODIE BOY...
WHERE'D YA
BOYLEGGER
GAL GO
OFF TAY

I GOT NO IDEA,
OFFICER.

WE GOT WAYS
A' MAANIN' YA
TALK... YOU...

... HAVE THE RIGHT
TO REMAIN SILENT,
ANYTHING YOU SAY
MAY BE HELD
AGAINST YOU IN A
COURT OF LAW...

YOU RUM RUNNERS
GOT A LOTTA NERVE... 'DEALIN'
DRUGS T' SCHOOL KIDS!

SKREEEE! SKREEEE!

THE ALARM IS SCREAMING!
THERE IS NOT MUCH TIME!

I'M BUILDING
A GATE. WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

THE FEAR IN THEIR EYES
SAYS THE OFFICERS
KNOW ME.

AND IT'S NOT THE FACE OF
A SAINT THEY SEE, BUT THE FACE
OF EVIL. BUT HOW? HOW? HOW?
DO THEY KNOW ME AND WHY DO
THEY FEAR?

DON'T HURT
ME, MAN. I
DON'T SEE
NOTHIN'...

ALARM
SET OFF!

HEY!
WHADDYOO
THINK
YOU'RE...?

Aghhh!

You mustn't
leave this
boy take
him with us!

HE FEARS,
TOO... THIS RAP
CHIEF, ON,
WHOM
OTHERS FEAR.

NO! NO!

BUT REGINA SAYS, "TAKE HIM"...

...SO, WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER
HOUSE GUEST IN
THE VERTEQUE...

YES... Ahhhhh.
Yes...

A SHATTERING OF
GLASS! I'VE BOOED
THE RUMELMITH
USED WITH POWER TO
CLEAR THE WAY!

YES... do the good
Deed. Saint! The man
who owns this store
will & dreams
suicide tonight!

NO!

LEANING THROUGH THE BROKEN
WINDSHIELD WITH ONE HAND ON
THE WHEEL, I POINT THE CAMERA TOWARD
THE MAN IN THE WINDOW AND
STEP ON THE GAS!

Drive,
Sinner...
drive into...

THROUGH THE SHIFTING
SAY TERMS OF THE GATE...
PLUNGE, NO LONGER
DRIVING, BUT STILL CLOSING
THE GATE TO ITS DESTINATION...
TO SANCTUARY...THE VERTESQUE.

THERE, WHILE WIDARDED
IN THIS TIME-OUT-OF-TIME,
I WILL NEAR MY TORTURED
SELF...AND WITHOUT
THE KISSING OF THE HOUSE
SOUNDING IN MY BACK, I CAN
THINK...I THINK WHAT TO DO...
ABOUT THESE FEW
NEEDY ONES.

...AND ABOUT THE CRACKING
WALLS BETWEEN DIMENSIONS...
BETWEEN EARTH NORMAL
AND ITS SHADOW REALM,
THE ECTOSPHERE...

WHERE
ARE WE, MOMMY?
WHERE ARE WE
GOING? MOMMY?
MOMMY?

THE FRIGHTENED BOY
CRIES TO HIS MOTHER.

...BUT SHE CANNOT ANSWER.
SHE DOESN'T KNOW...FOR
NO MORE HUMANS HAVE EVER
ENTERED THE VERTESQUE.

The boys Dead meat. ~~Dead?~~
And the rest of THEM! ~~Dead?~~
Dead. ~~Dead?~~ Their minds
will be ripped apart at
that place!

AND MY HEART,
LOOSED FAST WITHIN
MY THROAT, COMES
WITH THE BOY!

FOR IN MY HASTE
TO DEPART THE EARTH,
THERE IS SOMETHING
I'VE FORGOTTEN...
THE DEMON MAY
BE RIGHT!

**THE
GATE!**

THE CHILD STEALER, PART II
NEXT: SUFFER THE CHILDREN...

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:
RAZORLINE
C/O MARVEL
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EDITOR



late breaking news

Its rough being ahead. Comics are produced on a schedule so far ahead of when they actually come out, it's often difficult-to-impossible to keep the news current.

For example, by the time you read this, Clive Barker's second exhibition of paintings and drawings, to appear in *The Art of Clive Barker-Illustrator II...* just closed here in New York. If the opening reception was any indication, the show will be as big a hit as his first gallery showing at Bess Cutler Gallery. I mention it here because this title has been called by many of you readers out there, the closest to what they'd expect of a *Barkerian* comic.

And that is to say, they don't know what to expect, next.

This issue, this unique comic welcomes the creative team of Lawrence Brown and Rick Bryant to the art chores. Let us know if you're as impressed as we are.

Marc McLaurin

Dear SAINT SINNER,

I must first say that it is such a delight to walk into a small town supermarket and see these comics on the rack. Normally, I would have to go to my nearest comics store, which is over thirty miles away.

Of course, I'm one of those people who will hand over money for almost anything that bears the name Clive Barker on it, yet I must say I picked up the first issue of SAINT SINNER with a bit of skepticism. But when I started reading it I quickly discovered that I couldn't put it down. I was really quite intrigued by the idea of someone being possessed by both demon and angel. It is the kind of magic that can always be expected from Clive's imagination. And I must say that Elaine Lee is doing a wonderful job of taking the ball and running with it. I must also say that Max Douglas is doing a splendid job keeping these characters dark and disturbing.

I'll conclude by saying that this is a comic that is keeping me both paranoid and excited on a variety of levels.

James R. Powell
(Address withheld by request)

Glad the book came through for you, James. It's always good to hear from a satisfied fan. As you've already found out, this issue debuts new pencils, Lawrence Brown. We couldn't be happier with his work, but what do you think? Drop us another note to let us know.

Dear Razorline,

I'm a twenty-year-old boy from Sweden. I have followed Marvel here in Sweden since

1978, and Clive Barker books since *Books of Blood*, and this Razorline project is one of the best from both. It's hard to decide which one of them is the best because it's so early but SAINT SINNER will be the best of them, I think.

It's got potential to be that because of the originality.

All of them are original so far but HYPERKIND feels the most like a normal supergroup, maybe better, but the closest to what is going on in the other comic books at Marvel.

My favorite in the whole series so far has been when in ECTONID #3, Edgar Allan Poe appears.

HOKUM & HEX really has potential too, and I hope that Trip will learn to use his powers and accept them.

Thank you Clive and Marvel for an extremely good line-up.

Jonas Danielsson
Björnekärrs Gc
414 04 Gothenburg
Sweden

Great to hear from you, Jonas. We have received letters from all over the world, but yours is the first from Sweden. To honor the occasion, we've decided to officially appoint you our International spokesperson. Make us proud!

To Razorline,

I just finished reading another great SAINT SINNER. Although I am not normally a comic book reader, I am a fan of Clive Barker. I want to thank you for putting Clive's ideas into these graphic novels and I hope that you continue to keep up your excellent standard of work.

Evan Stegman
B Company, 29th Sig. Bn.
PL Lewis, WA 98433

Our standards will never falter, Evan. You can be certain of that. Thanks for writing. We always like hearing from the military. Now, get out the trumpet and let company B know about SAINT SINNER. We officially appoint you our military spokesperson.

Dear SAINT SINNER,

Firstly, I greatly enjoy the concept of Clive Barker doing a comic that isn't just a Hellraiser continuation, but that starts at Volume one, number one, and continues to go on until whenever.

I've been a fan of Clive Barker's work for some time and feel that these super heroes (especially and particularly SAINT SINNER) are excellent displays of his imagination; it shows that he can always produce a deliciously twisted story line, but now we've got visuals as well.

I have to admit that I first picked up the Razorline comics because I have been a longtime fan of Clive Barker. I was skeptical of how good these new titles would be and whether they could survive in today's multiple comic universe. In my ten years of reading comics, I have seen many failed titles and universes. However, let me assure you, you have four superb new titles and SAINT SINNER leads the pack.

The story line has captivated me, Elaine Lee's work is fantastic. It's nearly as good, if not better than a lot of Neil Gaiman's work. The art is thrilling. I can't wait to see the storylines you have in store for Philip Fetter and his fantastic core of supporting characters (keep Kento Canto around.)

Matt Piskun
95 Pineview Avenue
Bardonia, NY 10954

We love hearing from readers who were skeptical when they first picked up the book, Matt. It means we're doing our job. Now, spread the word. We officially appoint you our Bardonia spokesperson (we're pushing it, aren't we).

NEXT:

Trapped between the Earth and the Ectosphere with helpless humans to protect, Philip uncovers a devastating problem threatening all the worlds of the Decamundi! Is this Saint Sinner's final chapter?

CUTTING EDGE ALERT!

Next week in
HYPERKIND #7:

Armata at death's door! Her only hope of survival is for the team to solve a riddle locked within a children's rhyme! But even the answers will not prepare them for the dangers on...
"The Shining Path...to Ambertrance!"

ELSEWHERE, ALONG THE RAZOR'S EDGE:

In ECTONID #7:

Dec acquires the unearthly power of possession to save his mother's life — and accidentally swaps souls with her attacker! It's not pleasant — but may be permanent!

In HOKUM & HEX #7:

Trip Munroe is dead—Or is he? It's a split-second adventure as Trips life flashes before his eyes, and Bloodshed threatens to make the journey his last!